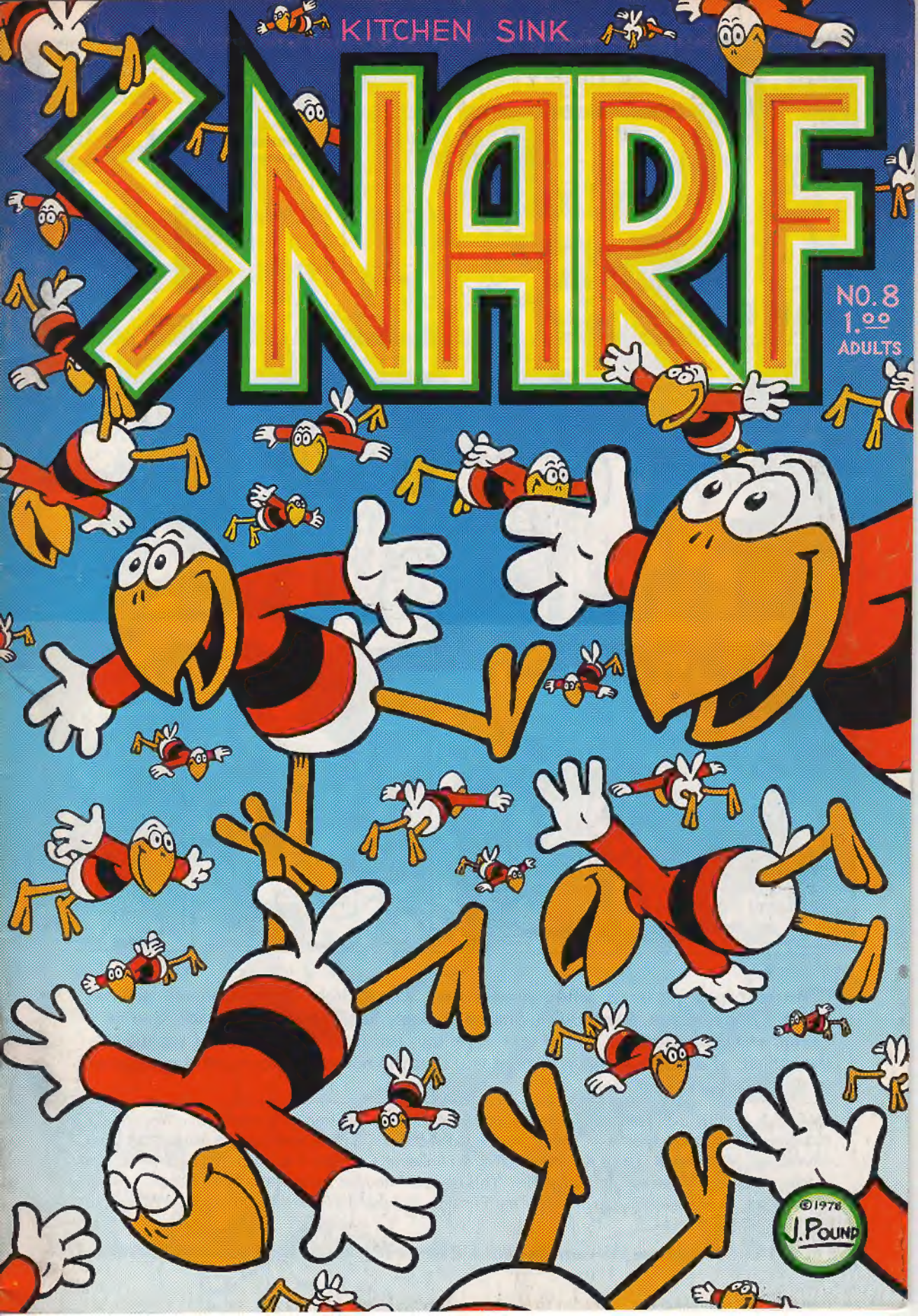


KITCHEN SINK

SNARF

NO. 8
1.00
ADULTS



©1976
J. POUND

AN OLD JOKE AND A TRUE STORY

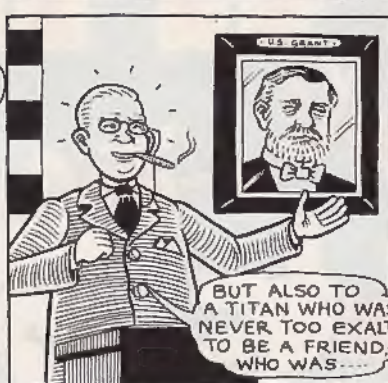
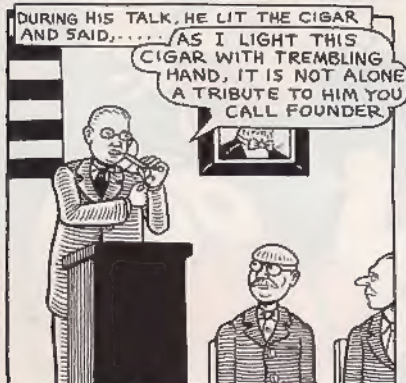
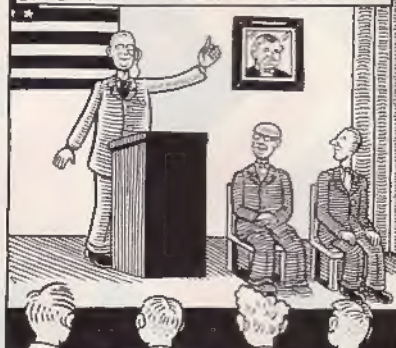
IN 1867, HORACE NORTON, FOUNDER OF NORTON COLLEGE, WAS INTRODUCED TO GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, WHO PRESENTED HIM WITH A CIGAR.



THE GREAT EDUCATOR CHERISHED AND PRESERVED THIS CIGAR AS A MOMENTO OF THEIR MEETING FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.



SEVENTY YEARS LATER, HIS GRAND-SON, WINSTEAD NORTON, BROUGHT OUT THE CIGAR WHILE DELIVERING A SPEECH AT NORTON COLLEGE



Kim Deitch

A SLICE OF LIFE, with Art and Françoise...



Contributors to this issue: John Pound (cover), Kim Deitch, Art Spiegelman, Howard Cruse, Trina Robbins, Steve Stiles, Sharon Rudahl, Justin Green, Joel Beck, George Erling, and Doug Hansen. And if you think that this issue of *Snarf* seems to dwell on the subject of death, we might remind you that the humorous comic strip is supposed to be a dying art.

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Let us hear from you... We want to start a Letters Page in the next issue of SNARF.

In her prime during the Fifties, she was one of the funniest and most distinctive comic book characters ever created—this rosy-cheeked little girl with the bell-shaped dress, the light-bulb-shaped head, and the hair concocted of meatballs and bedsprings. She was tough; she was tender; she got spanked; she cried; she fought; she splurged. Like her readers, she was a real kid. Not a **child**...a **kid**!

But was she really **happy**? Was her simple world—like the Fifties themselves—a facade? Did the sunny suburban games mask a turbulent reality whose pain would ultimately erupt to the surface? In short, while we thought we were laughing at the adventures of carefree innocents, were we really sharing...

THE NIGHTMARES OF Little Lulu

NO! NO!
TAKE YOUR
FILTHY HANDS
OFF OF ME, MR.
MENABBER!!...

DEPICTED BY
Howard Gruse

Pronunciation Guide
L*L*: rhymes with **Z*x***; sounds
like **G*x***, **M*x***, **D*d***, **P*x***,
also Chattanooga **Ch*c***.



ARE YOU HAVING THOSE DREAMS AGAIN, LXLX?

YEP... I'M SORRY I WOKE YOU UP, CHUB!



NO MATTER! IT'S TIME FOR ME TO DRESS FOR **WORK** ANYWAY!

WHY DO THEY **HAUNT** ME? WHY CAN'T I LEAVE THOSE DAYS **BEHIND** ME?



WE NEVER LEAVE OUR CHILDHOODS BEHIND US, BABY!

ALL THOSE GREEN LAWNS AND WHITE PICKET FENCES...AND **UNDERNEATH** THEM—THE **TERROR!**...



I WAS FOREVER BEING CHASED BY THAT GREASY TRUANT OFFICER, **MR. McNABBER!**

COME **BACK** HERE, KID...I'VE GOT SOME **QUESTIONS** FOR YOU!

...BUT I'M A **GOOD** LITTLE GIRL!



LITTLE DID I KNOW—THE **DARK MOTIVE** BEHIND HIS **ETERNAL PURSUIT**...



...OR THE **MEANING** BEHIND THE **STRANGE FAMILY RITUAL** THAT ALWAYS AWAITED ME AT HOME!

OH, LXLX... IS THAT YOU?



IT WAS SUPPOSEDLY ALL FOR THE SAKE OF MY **HEALTH**...

TIME FOR YOUR 'TINY TYKE'S TONIC,' LXLX!

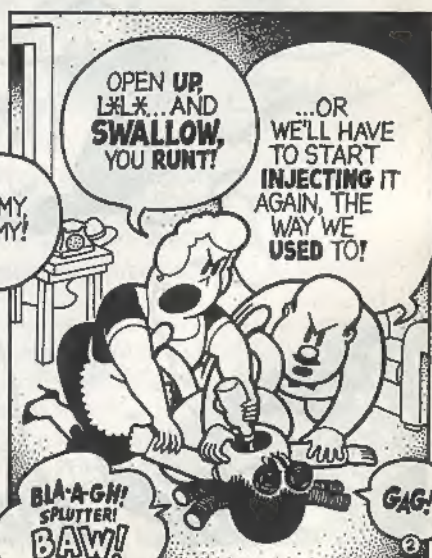


...BUT I DIDN'T TRUST THE CHEAP BODY-RUSHES AND PLASTIC EUPHORIAS...

NONSENSE, DEAR! SEE...YOUR FATHER THINKS IT TASTES **GREAT!** I LIKE IT, **TOO!**

YUMMY, YUMMY!

PLEASE, MOTHER... LET ME **SKIP** MY DOSE JUST THIS **ONCE!**



OPEN UP, LXLX... AND **SWALLOW**, YOU RUNT!

...OR WE'LL HAVE TO START **INJECTING** IT AGAIN, THE WAY WE USED TO!

BLA-GH! SPUTTER! **BAW!**

GAG!

I USUALLY FELT BETTER FOR A LITTLE WHILE AFTERWARDS... THEN THE **PARANOIA** WOULD HIT!

MOM AND POP ARE GETTING A LITTLE **GUNG-HO** THESE DAYS!

OH, NO! HERE COMES **MR. McNABBER** AGAIN!

OH, GOOD! A BIG FAT **HIDING-PLACE!**

TRY KEEPIN' IT **DOWN** WHILE YOU'RE IN THE **AISLE, HONEY!**

OH, IT'S YOU, **CHUBBY!** WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN **DRAW?**

THE 'SPYDER' SPINS **AGAIN, L&L&L!** I'M CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS AN OLD **MAE WEST** MOVIE!

THIS IS A **HAIRY CASE** I'M ON TODAY, **L&L&L!** I'VE ALREADY CHALKED UP **RUNS** IN **THREE PAIRS** OF **HOSE!**

I GUESS YOU'RE GOING TO ACCUSE MY **POP** OF BEING A **CRIMINAL**, AS USUAL!

WELL, I HAVE UNCOVERED SOME **SUSPICIOUS CONNECTIONS** WITH AN **INTERNATIONAL DRUG RING**, BUT I HAVEN'T GOT THE CASE **SEWED UP** YET...

YOU CAN'T CALL MY **POP** A **DOPE PEDDLER!**

Yow!
KOK!

HEY, YOU!

UH-OH! **MR. McNABBER** HEARD **CHUBB'S SKULL CRACK!** I'M IN **TROUBLE!**

THIS **GARBAGE** CAN LOOKS LIKE A GOOD **HIDING-PLACE!**

BAM! BAM!

HEY, **L&L&L!** I SAW YOU CLIMB IN THERE!

OH, NO! IT'S THAT PESKY NEIGHBOR KID **MALVIN!**

I WON'T TELL ANYONE WHERE YOU ARE IF YOU'LL TELL ME A **STORY, L&L&L!**

DRAT!

IT WAS **BLACKMAIL**, BUT I HAD NO CHOICE!

...GOSH, SAID LITTLE SNITCH, I'VE NEVER DONE **THAT** WITH A **BEAGLEBERRY** BEFORE... **WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MALVIN??**

TELL THE PART AGAIN WHERE THE **MEAN KING** MAKES THE LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL TAKE HER **PANTIES OFF!** PANT, PANT...



MALVIN! IT'S DISGUSTING TO PLAY WITH YOURSELF BEFORE 3:00 IN THE AFTERNOON!

DON'T RUN OUT ON ME, L&L& OR I'LL RAT ON YOU!!



MR. McNABBER WOULDN'T LOOK FOR ME IN THE BOYS' CLUBHOUSE, WOULD HE?



HEY, L&L&... DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S NO GIRLS ALLOWED IN HERE?

L&L&!
(GULP!)
UH...I CAN EXPLAIN...

POP!
-SELLING 'TINY TYKE'S TONIC' TO THE FELLERS! CHUB WAS RIGHT!



THERE SHE IS!

DON'T MOVE! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

YOU CAN'T ARREST US, McNABBER! YOU'RE JUST A TRUANT OFFICER!

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? HE'S BEEN TRANSFERRED TO THE NARCO SQUAD!

WAH! LEMME OFF COPPER! I'LL SQUEAL!!

OOF! WHAT'S HAPPENING?



GOING 'COLD TURKEY' ON 'TINY TYKE'S TONIC' WAS SHEER, BONE-SHATTERING TORTURE!

CHRIST! GIMME A FUCKIN' FIX, YOU BASTARD PIGS!!

YOW!

CLANG!

IT WAS TOUGH ON MOTHER AND POP AND THE FELLERS, TOO!



BUT ONCE WE WERE REHABILITATED, I FIGURED MY CRAZY LIFE WOULD CALM DOWN...

I LOVE YOU, CHUBBY! LET'S GET MARRIED AN' MAKE BABIES AN' BUY A '57 STATION WAGON!

SORRY, L&L&, BUT I'M THROUGH WITH THIS STOOPID FIFTIES KID STRIP! McNABBER'S GOT ME A NEW JOB AS A GROWN-UP COMIC BOOK DETECTIVE!



YOU MEAN THAT-SNIFF-THE 'SPYDER' WILL NEVER 'SPIN' AGAIN?

I DIDN'T SAY THAT, BABY!...



WHY, CHUB? WHY CAN'T I LEAVE MY CHILDHOOD NIGHTMARES BEHIND ME??

MAYBE IF YOU WOULDN'T GORGE YOURSELF ON BEAGLEBERRIES AT BEDTIME...

OH, FOOEY! I'VE GOT A RUN IN MY SPYDER-TIGHTS!

AND SO-THE SEVENTIES!...

The End



To: Adolph Hitler, Berlin
 From: Obergruppen Fuhrrer Hakenkreuzler
 Paris, Sept 1940. RE: Operation De Raiz

Mein Fuhrrer, as introduction to this report it should be noted that while in the Fatherland our Officers had become used to certain luxuries which were unobtainable through ordinary channels in Paris...



It was found expedient to use the services of a certain American Negress called Lulu Belle.

This woman had formed a romantic attachment for one of our chauffeurs, Unter-Scharfuhrer, Horst Kruger.



Naturally, on the part of the young German it was merely physical satisfaction.



Our fine young Aryan lads cannot harbor deep sentiments for such creatures.



Fraulein Lulu was employed as a chanteuse in a small Montmartre cafe, Le Chat Hep.



What the Gestapo did not yet know was that Le Chat Hep was a secret meeting place for the French Resistance movement.



That night Lulu Belle entertained Unter-Scharführer Kruger in her rooms above Le Chat Hep...



IN THE 15TH CENTURY IN THE TOWN OF LAVAL, THE INFAMOUS NOBLEMAN GILLES DE RAIZ LIVED AN ORGIASTIC LIFE OF **UNSPEAKABLE DECADENCE.**



NATURALLY, HE WAS A SATANIST, AND HE INVOKED THE DEVIL'S HELP IN CHANGING BASE METAL TO GOLD. THE EVIL ONE DEMANDED THE BLOOD OF SMALL CHILDREN...



THE SACRIFICIAL INSTRUMENT WAS AN ANCIENT SPEAR, BROUGHT TO PARIS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE IN THE 13TH CENTURY BY KING LOUIS THE SAINT ON HIS RETURN FROM THE CRUSADES.



REPUTED TO BE THE SPEAR FORGED BY THE ANCIENT HEBREW PHINEAS, IT HAD BELONGED TO JOSHUA AND HEROD, KING OF THE JEWS, AND HAD PIERCED THE SIDE OF JESUS CHRIST DURING THE CRUCIFIXION!



A LEGEND BECAME ASSOCIATED WITH THE SPEAR THAT WHOEVER CLAIMS IT HOLDS THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD IN HIS HANDS!



DER OBERGRUPPENFÜHRER HAS LOCATED A MAP OF DERAIZ' CHATEAU, INDICATING A HIDDEN TREASURE ROOM...

OOH! HOW THRILLING! SO SATURDAY YOU'RE GONNA DRIVE A CAR FULLA NAZI BIGWIGS TO A CREEPY OLE CASTLE...



UND FIND DER SPEAR OF DESTINY UND VIN DER WAR!

GEE, I NEVER BEEN TO A REAL CASTLE! CAN I COME TOO?



YOU?! THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

BOO HOO... YOU NEVER TAKE ME ANYWHERE! YOU'RE ASHAMED TO BE SEEN WITH ME! YOU DON'T LOVE ME!



NEIN, NEIN, LEIBSCHEN... I'LL SEE VAT I CAN DO..



When Unterscharführer Kruger asked me, at first I was furious...

VAT?!
DUMKOPF, YOU
TOLD THAT
WOMAN...

Then a brilliant idea
came to me.

ON SECOND
THOUGHT, SHE
VILL FIT VERY
NICELY INTO
OUR PLANS!

JA, UNTER-
SCHARFUHRER,
TELL LULU BELLE
SHE MAY COME...

That night in a secret room behind
Le Chat Nepe...

SACRE BLEU!
THE TREASURE OF
GILLES DE RAIZ!
CEST FANTASTIQUE!

BUT TRUE!
THAT TREASURE
COULD BUY FREE-
DOM FOR A LOTTA
POLITICAL PRIS-
ONERS IN
HITLER'S CAMPS.
BUT WHAT'S
THE LOW-
DOWN ON
THE SPEAR OF DESTINY?

PAH! MERELY
LEGEND! BUT
IF THE BOCHE
BELIEVES...

RIGHT! AND
I'VE GOT A
PLAN! LISTEN..

SATURDAY...

WHOOEE!
WOULDYA LOOKIT
THE CASTLE OF
FRANKENSTEIN!

CHAUFFEUR,
YOU WILL
WAIT
HERE!

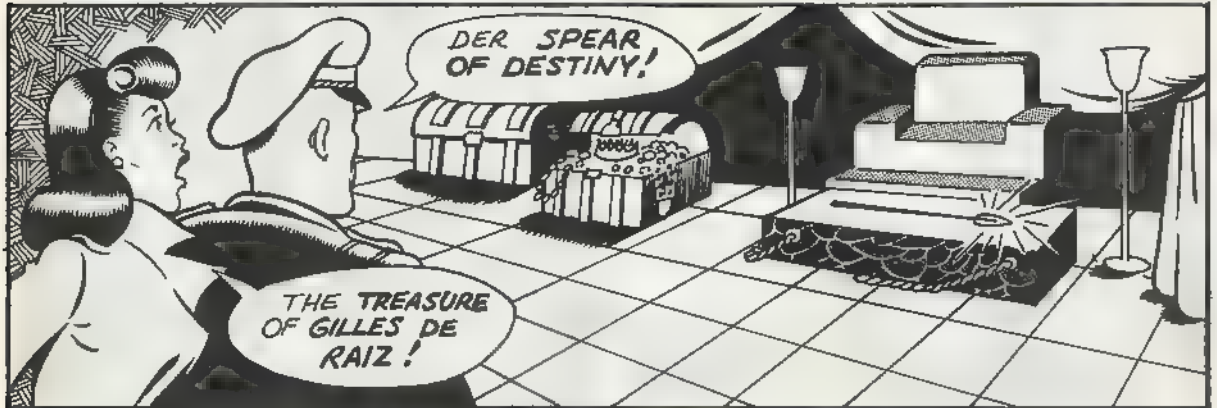
JA, MEIN
KOMMANDANT!

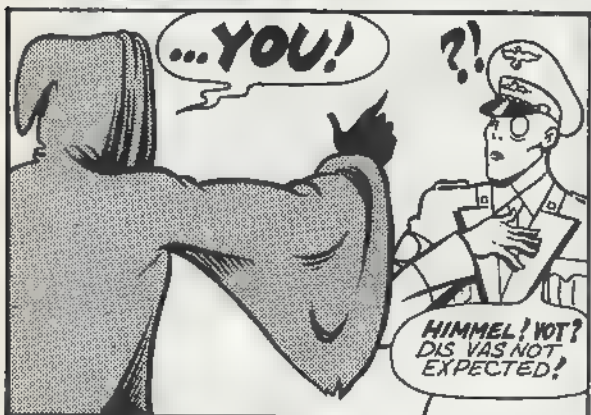
GEE,
IT'S DARK
IN HERE!

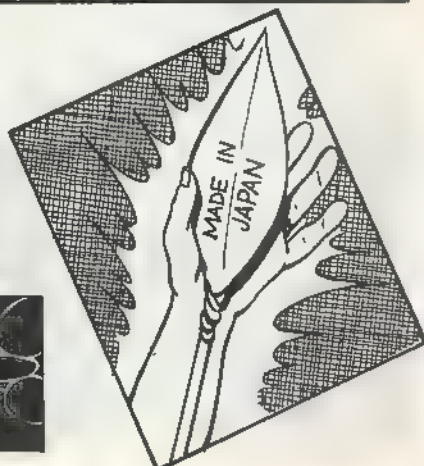
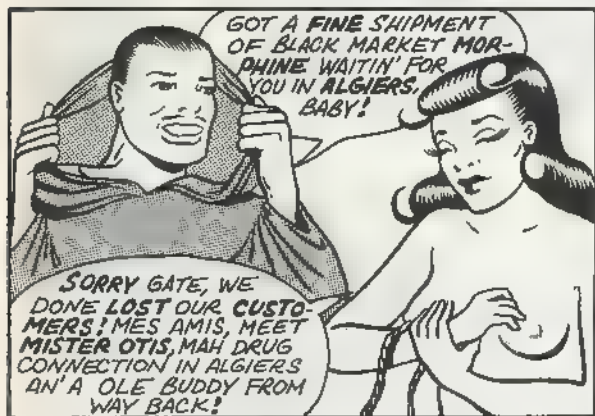
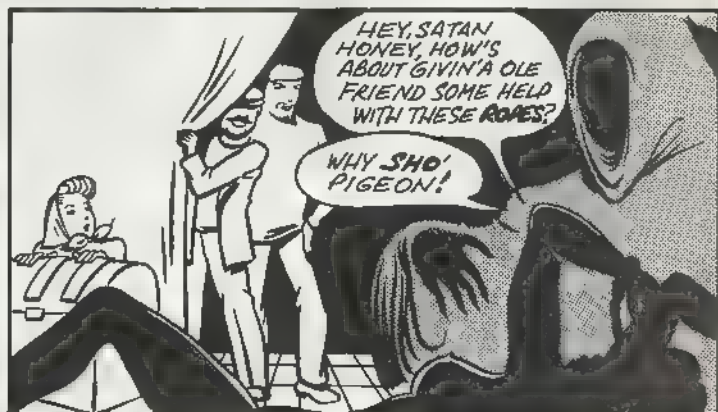
UND COLD, TOO!
DRINK THIS
SCHNAPS - IT
WILL WARM YOU!

THANKS,
SCHATSIE...

OBERLIETNANT
PREGLER, LIGHT
THE TORCHES!







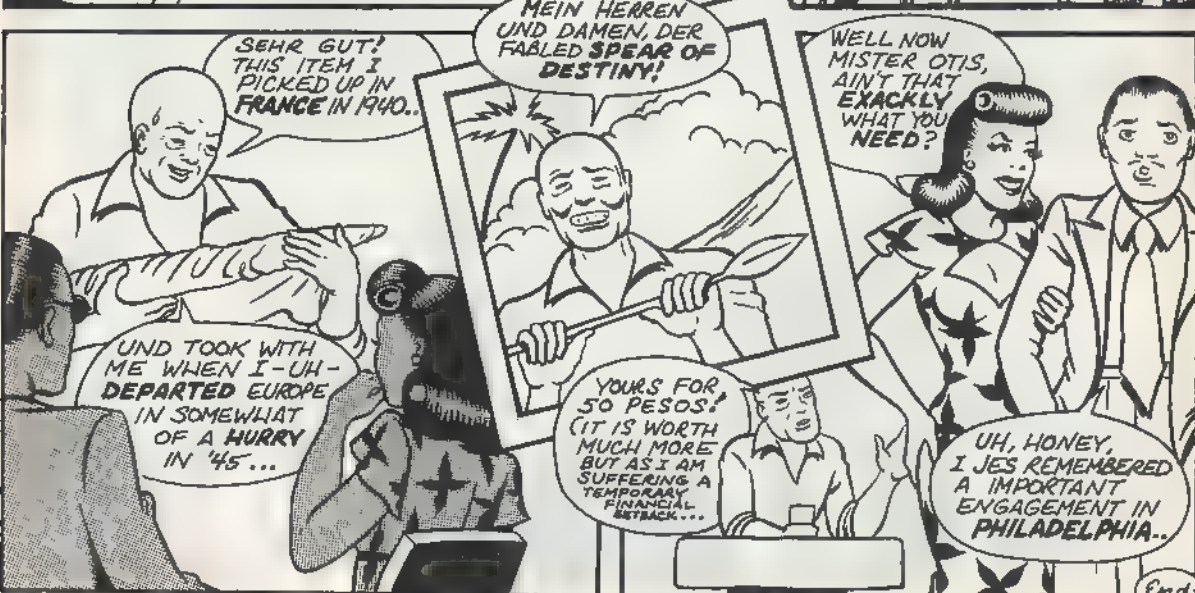
By the time it became clear we had been victims of a hoax the treasure was gone. Fraulein Kulu Belle is said to have fled to Algiers.

It is with deep regret that I must confess my failure as a servant to the Fatherland. I realize there is only one honorable thing to do.

Signed, this 17th day of September, 1940, Obergruppenführer Otto Hakenkreuzler



EPILOGUE: 1946; A CERTAIN SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY, HIGH IN THE ANDES...



RED PROPAGANDA STRAIGHT FROM MOSCOW!

YES, WE'VE FINALLY ADMITTED IT, CAPITALIST-READERS! LIKE MANY ANOTHER "UNDERGROUND" COMIC BOOK, THIS IS "NERVE GAS THROUGH THE RADIO" FOR ALL YOU MONIED INTERESTS, SECRETLY CONTROLLED BY MENSHEVIK WREAKERS! YES, IT'S ALREADY FAR TOO LATE! FOR YOU SEE, YOU FOOLS...

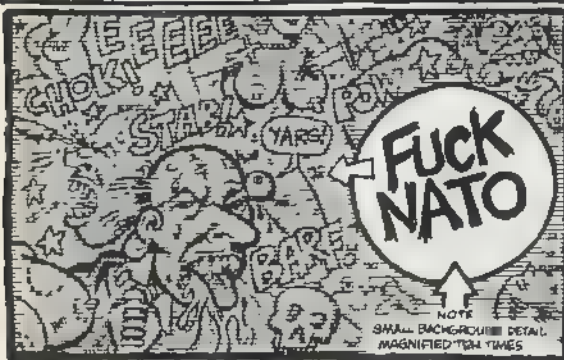
JOE STALIN TELLS ME WHAT TO DRAW!

CONTRARY TO BELIEF, JOE STALIN, RED DICTATOR OF ALL RUSSIA, DID NOT COMPLETELY DIE IN 1953, BUT IN REALITY WAS "COLD PACKED" IN A HALF-LIFE COFFIN! NOW HIS DEGENERATING BRAIN PATTERNS ARE ELECTRONICALLY AUGMENTED AND BROADCAST TO RECEPTIVE GENIUSES IN THE EASTERN UNITED STATES! HONEST!



IN MUCH THE SAME WAY WEST COAST CARTOONISTS ARE CONTROLLED BY MAO-TSE-TUNG!

THE SUBLIMINAL METHOD: NOW THAT IT'S TOO LATE (RED PARATROOP UNITS ARE SEIZING RADIO STATIONS AT THIS VERY MOMENT) NOTICE THIS TYPICAL UNDERGROUND COMIC PANEL... LOOKS NORMAL, DOESN'T IT? **LOOK AGAIN!**



OVERT PROPAGANDA: AND THEN OF COURSE THERE'S ALWAYS THE OBVIOUS:



NOVEMBER 1941—NAZI-OCCUPIED PARIS. BEFORE THE DEVOTED AUDIENCE OF THE OPERA HOUSE, ALEXANDRA LEVANTINA DANCES HER WORLD-RENOWNED INTERPRETATION OF 'SWAN LAKE'.

IT IS TRUE WHAT THEY SAY—
SHE IS THE FINEST BALLERINA
OF ALL EUROPE!

BRAVO!!

MERVEILLEUSE!!

BRAVO,
ALEXANDRA!

MAGNIFIQUE!

ENCORE!!

THE YEARS HAVE NO
EFFECT ON HER, HERR DIETRICH.

The Dying Swan

©SHARON RUDAK



"COMMANDER DIETRICH OF
THE OCCUPYING FORCES REQUESTS
THE HONOR OF MADAME ALEXANDRA'S
PRESENCE AT A SMALL SOIRÉE..."

SEND THE FLOWERS BACK,
BABETTE. I NO LONGER GO
TO PARTIES SINCE THE FALL
OF PARIS...

HUSH, FOR GOD'S SAKE,
MADAME. I'LL TELL HIM THE
TRUTH, THAT YOU MUST REST
YOUR WEAK HEART.



MADAME SENDS HER
REGRETS, BUT SHE MUST
REST AFTER HER
STRENUOUS PERFORMANCE.

YOU WERE NOT BAD
TONIGHT, MA CHERE
ODETTE...

YES, SOMEDAY THAT
WILL BE THE FACE OF
A GREAT BALLERINA.

I WISH YOU WOULD
REST YOUR POOR HEART. RETIRE,
MADAME! HAVEN'T YOU
DANCED ENOUGH?

ALL OF YOU, HOME TO
SLEEP, MES PETITES!!
REHEARSAL TOMORROW
AT SEVEN SHARP!

NEXT MORNING...

"HERR COMMANDER DIETRICH ORDERS
THE OPERA HOUSE TO CONSERVE FUEL FOR
THE REICH'S WAR EFFORT. ELECTRICITY
WILL BE SHUT OFF UNTIL CURTAIN TIME."

IT'S FINISHED THEN.
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING
SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

SO, WE WILL
REHEARSE BY
CANDLELIGHT!

TOUR JETÉ, ENTRECHAT
TROIS, FOUETTÉ— AGAIN!

I CAN'T GO ON... HOW MUCH LONGER
WILL THOSE SWINE LET US DANCE AT ALL?
BABETTE IS RIGHT— IT'S TIME I RETIRED.

BUT, MADAME,
THE PEOPLE ALL
COME TO SEE
YOU. TO SEE
THAT YOU STILL
DANCE GIVES
THEM HEART.



NO EGGS, NO MEAT,
NO MEAT, NO LIGHT...

ANOTHER LETTER FROM
HERR DIETRICH, MADAME.

SEND IT BACK
UNOPENED, BABETTE

SURELY, I'M TOO OLD
FOR ALL THIS.

OFF TO THE OPÉRA, AGAIN,
HERR DIETRICH? I THOUGHT
MADAME ALEXANDRA WAS
OUT OF FAVOR?

AH, BUT THERE
ARE OTHER
SWANS IN THAT
STREAM, HANS.



THERE SHE IS—THE
LITTLE REDHEAD WITH
THE LOVELY LEGS...

WHY THAT'S
MADAME'S PROTEGE,
ODETTE BEAUHARNAIS!

WHAT LOVELY NEW
SHOES ODETTE! AND THIS
SUIT! I DIDN'T KNOW
THERE WAS A YARD OF
SILK LEFT IN PARIS!

THESE ARE FROM
BERLIN, MADAME...



BITTE, THE HOTEL RITZ.

AT YOUR SERVICE, COMMANDER.

"THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, TO SAY THERE'S NONE
TO BE HAD AT ANY PRICE, I TOLD THE BUTCHER,
"BUT HOW DO YOU EXPECT MADAME TO DANCE
ON BREAD AND WATER?" "WELL, IF IT'S FOR
MADAME..." AND HE SLIPPED ME THE
NICEST BIT OF VEAL BONE...



I MUST TELL YOU, I
WILL BE LEAVING THE
COMPANY. HERR DIETRICH
WISHES ME TO ACCOMPANY
HIM BACK TO THE FATHERLAND.



HAVE YOU GONE
MAD, ODETTE?

I HAVE NO TASTE
FOR POVERTY AND
SUFFERING, MADAME.



HE IS POWERFULL
AND RICH — HE CAN
PROTECT ME!

GO, THEN...



BABETTE, TAKE THIS
LETTER TO HERR DIETRICH.
DON'T BOTHER TO WAIT FOR
HIS REPLY...



"MY DEAR, I FEAR A WOMAN'S
JEALOUSY HAS REACHED ME
AS ALL YOUR PROMISES AND
THREATS FAILED TO DO. COME
TO ME TONIGHT..." WHAT AM
I TO MAKE OF THIS, HANS?

SHE **IS** ONE OF
THE GREAT WOMEN
OF OUR AGE, HERR
COMMANDER.



THERE IS **STILL**
AN AGELESS BEAUTY
AND POWER IN HER...
I'LL MAKE HER SUFFER
FOR REFUSING ME!



YES... WE
ARE REALLY
ALONE, MA
CHERI...



JUST ONE FAVOR, MY SWEET...
LET ODETTE STAY WITH ME.

YOUR ART AND YOUR FAME
OVERWHELM ME, DEAR MADAME.
BUT... THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR YOUTH. I **WILL** TAKE
ODETTE BACK TO BERLIN
WITH ME.



I DON'T THINK
SO!

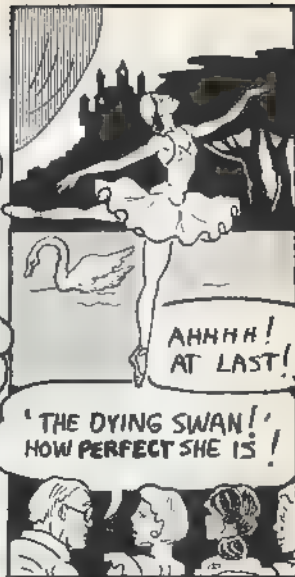


COMMANDER DIETRICH HAS BEEN FOUND
MURDERED OUTSIDE THE DRESSING ROOMS !!

ARREST ALEXANDRA! NO,
DAMN IT - CALL FOR HELP
AND SEIZE HER AFTER THE
PERFORMANCE. THIS MOB
WOULD TEAR US APART!

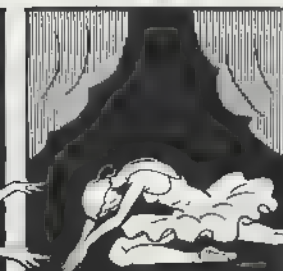
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?!
WHY DON'T
THEY BEGIN?

WE WANT
ALEXANDRA!
THOSE MONSTERS
MUST LET
HER DANCE!



AHHHH!
AT LAST!

'THE DYING SWAN!'
HOW PERFECT SHE IS!



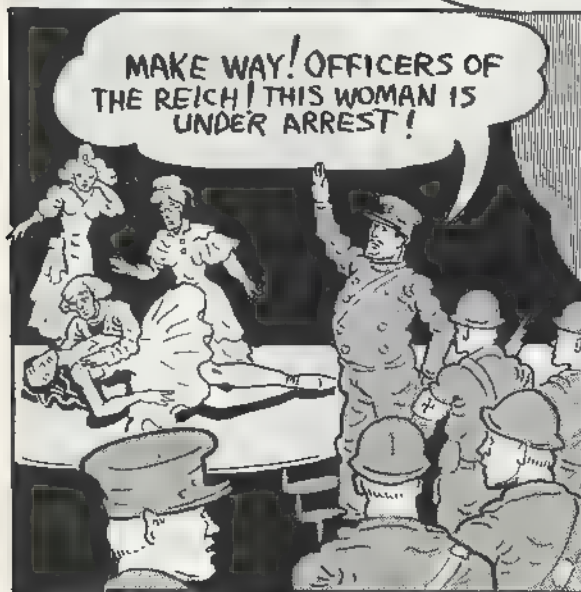
CLAP!! CLAP! CLAP!
BRAVO!
CLAP!! BRAVO!!!
CLAP!!

BRAVO, ALEXANDRA!
SHE'S NEVER
DANCED BETTER!!

BUT WHY IS SHE SO STILL?!
SHE CAN'T GET UP !!



QUICK, GET A DOCTOR!



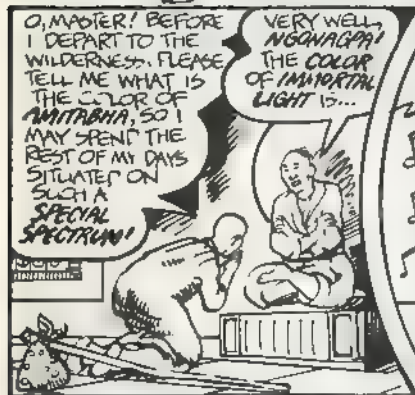
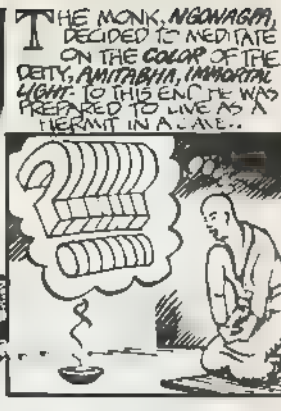
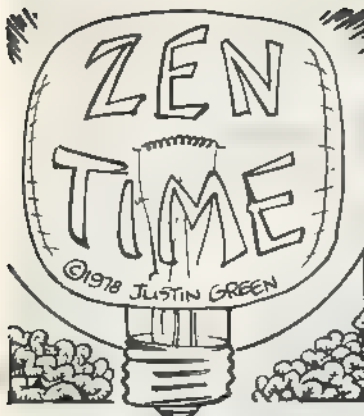
MAKE WAY! OFFICERS OF
THE REICH! THIS WOMAN IS
UNDER ARREST!



YOU ARE TOO LATE,
MONSIEURS. YOU'VE
MISSED HER FINAL
PERFORMANCE...

ALEXANDRA! I
WARNED HER, I WARNED
HER, MY POOR MADAME.

END



PIECE OF THE ACTION!

TWO ZEN TEMPLES EACH HAD A CHILD PROTEGE, ONE CHILD GOING TO OBTAIN VEGETABLES EACH DAY WOULD MEET THE OTHER ON THE WAY.



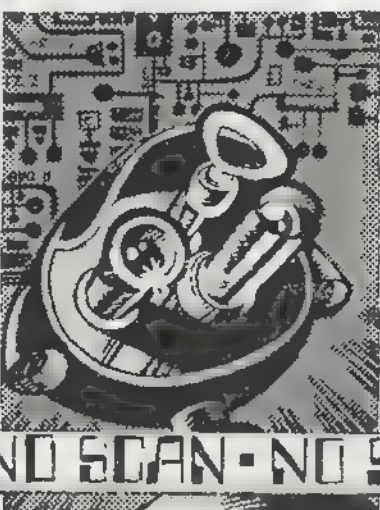
THIS REPLY PUZZLED THE FIRST CHILD WHO WENT TO HIS TEACHER FOR HELP.



THE TWO CHILDREN MET AGAIN ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING...



... AND THE SECOND CHILD REPLIED:



THIS AGAIN NONPLUSED THE YOUNGSTER, WHO TOOK HIS DEFEAT TO HIS TEACHER.



THE NEXT DAY THE CHILDREN MET A THIRD TIME...

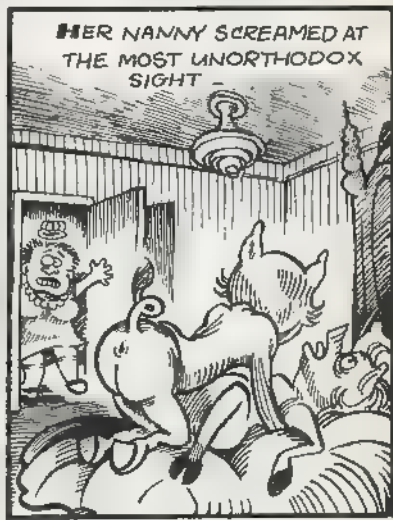
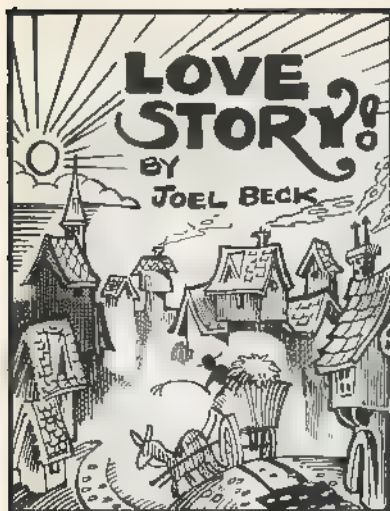


I AM GOING TO THE MARKET TO BUY SOME VEGETABLES!



HURRY IT UP, YOU TWO! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!





HER FATHER SHOT
THE INNOCENT CLOCKSMITH
IN AN ALCOHOLIC FIT.....



HER EX-LOVER HANGED
HIMSELF AT A PARTY FILLED
WITH LAUGHING FRIENDS...



EMBITTERED WITH PUBLIC
DISGRACE HER ELDEST
BROTHER HIRED A MOB
TO TRACK THEM DOWN...



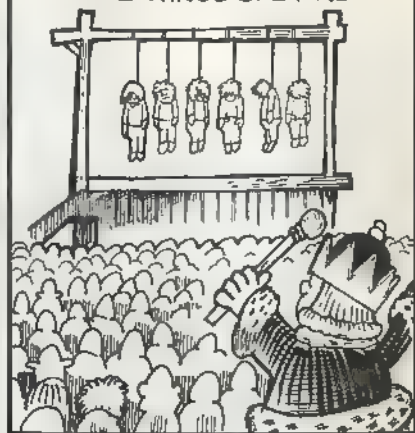
THE MOB MISTOOK AN
INNOCENT COUPLE DRINKING
MERRILY AT A LOCAL TAVERN...



BLIND WITH HATE THEY
LYNCHED THE LOVERS FROM THE
NEAREST TREE...



THEY WERE LYNCHED
THREE DAYS LATER BY
THE KING'S ORDERS...



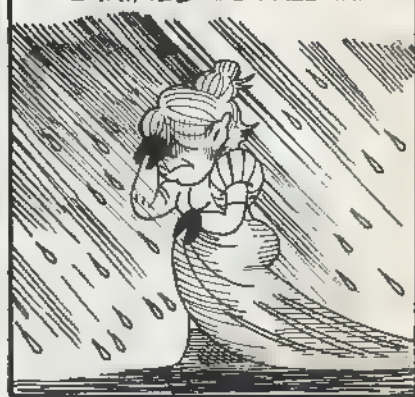
CONFUSED, YOUNG AND
FOOLISH THEY HAD
VIOLENT ARGUMENTS'



SHE LEFT HIM ON A
COLD WINTER NIGHT...



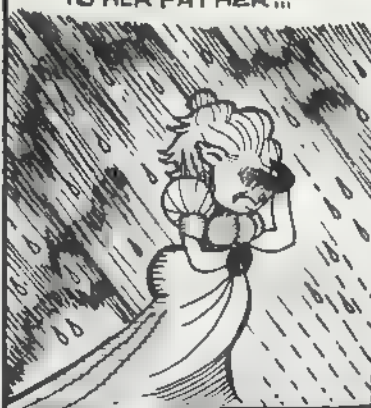
SHE RAN THROUGH THE
ANGRY STORM TO HER
MOTHER'S SIDE...
TERRIFIED AND PREGNANT...



AGAINST THE DOCTORS
ORDERS THE SADISTIC
NURSE LETS HER SEE
HER MOTHER...



SHE RAN BACK HOME
TO HER FATHER...



WHOM SHE FOUND IN
BED WITH THE UPSTAIRS
MAID...



HER FATHER WAS TAKEN
WITH UNBEARABLE GUILT...
AND PROMPTLY SET FIRE
TO THE HOUSE AND
JUMPED OUT THE WINDOW...



SHE IMMEDIATELY
BECAME A WHORE...
AND LIVED ON THE SHADY
SIDE OF TOWN DOWN NEAR
THE DOCKS...



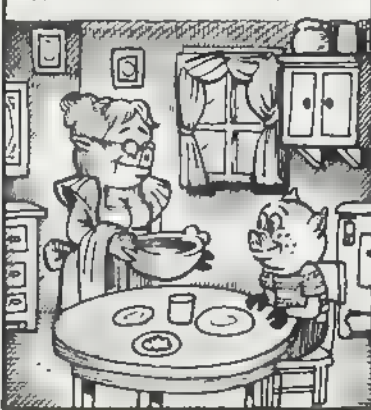
.....EARLY ONE MORNING
SHE HAD THE CHILD... AND
WITH IT A PROFOUND
RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE...



HER BODY AND SOUL
ONCE AGAIN CLEANSED...
...SHE TOOK THE CHILD
AND MOVED TO A SMALL
FISHING VILLAGE...



...FOR TWENTY YEARS
SHE WORKED FOR A SMALL
FISH AND CHIP HUT... LIVING
A GOOD CHRISTIAN LIFE...



ONE DAY AFTER CHURCH,
IN A FIT OF REMORSE...
SHE TOLD HER LOVING
SON THE TRUTH ABOUT
THEIR DARK PAST...



INSANE WITH ANGER
HE CONDEMNED HIS
MOTHER AND JOINED
WITH A SAILING CREW...
VOWING TO NEVER SEE
HER AGAIN...



...TWO LONELEY YEARS
LATER IN SINGAPORE HE
MET AN OLD DRUNK ...



BOTH TIRED AND
ALONE THEY EXCHANGE
THEIR SAD STORIES...



AND THEN...

SON! FATHER!



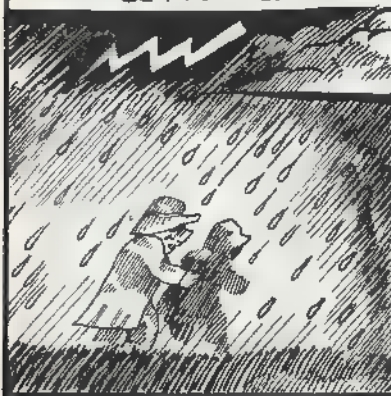
"QUICK, SON... TAKE ME
HOME TO YOUR MOTHER!"



FATHER AND SON...
TOGETHER AT LAST!



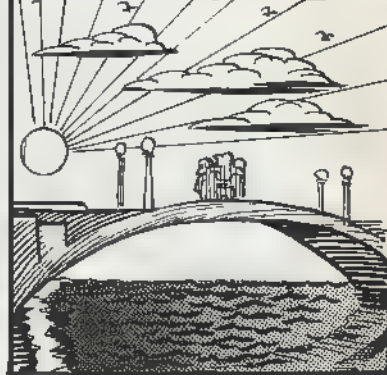
THROUGH SLEET AND
SNOW THEY SEARCHED
THE COUNTRY SIDE.....
...SHE WAS NOWHERE
TO BE FOUND..



...RIGHT IN THE
NICK OF TIME!

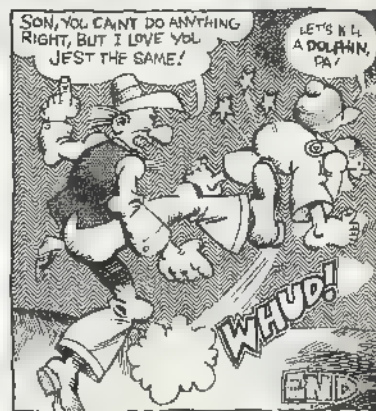
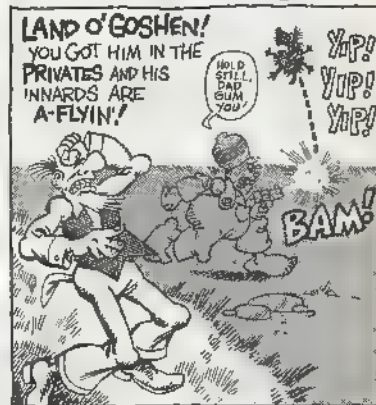
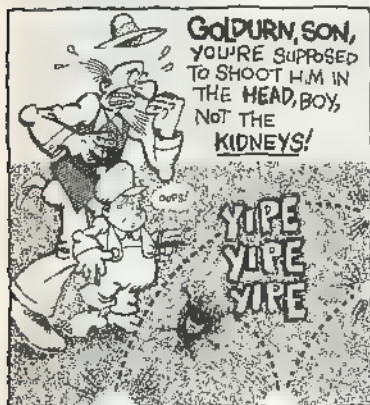
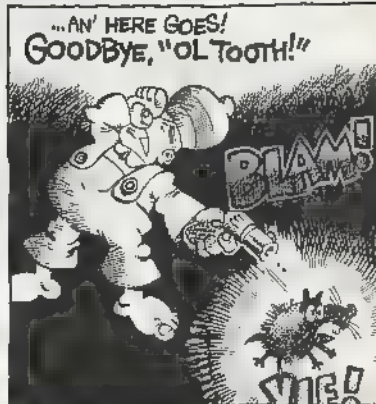
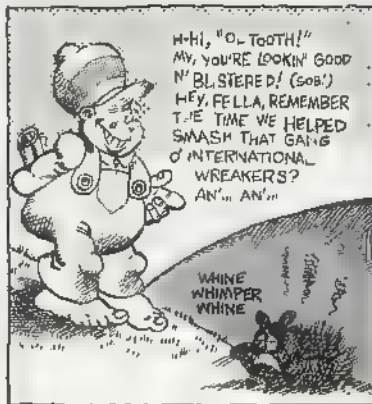
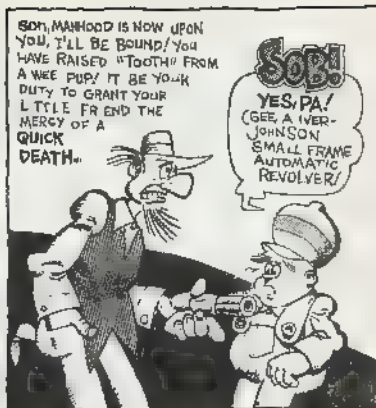


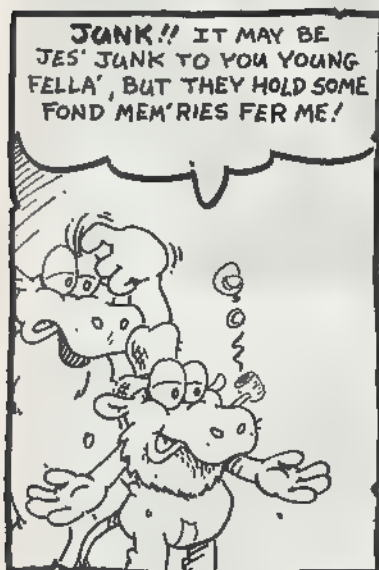
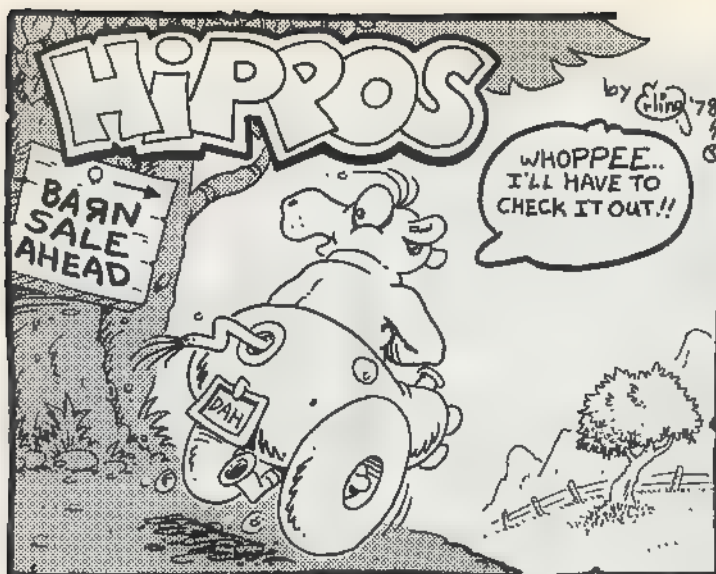
**THE
END**



Livestock Funnies

REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE KIDS AND LASSIE WOULD BREAK HER LEG AND WE'D CRY? NO? WELL, I CRIED! ANYWAY, IN OUR LAST ADVENTURE WE SAW "OL' TOOTH," PLUCKY BARNYARD GUINEA PIG PULL A DERANGED "GRAMPS" FROM A BURNING DELICATESSEN ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD--JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME! FATALLY SINGED, THE BRAVE PIG NOW LIES AT DEATH'S DOOR. NOW READ ON...







ORPHANED AT AN EARLY AGE, THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE TEXAS CAR WRECK THAT KILLED BOTH OF HIS PARENTS, TENSPEED TOMMY HAS VOWED NEVER TO RIDE IN A CAR, AGAIN, AND NOW RIDES ONLY A 10-SPEED BICYCLE, THUS HIS NICK-NAME...



TEN-SPEED TOMMY

© DOUG HANSEN 1978

BENJAMIN DOG, TOMMY'S CONSTANT COMPANION SINCE CHILDHOOD, HIS FAME AS A STREETFIGHTER EARNS HIM THE RESPECT OF DOGS EVERYWHERE.

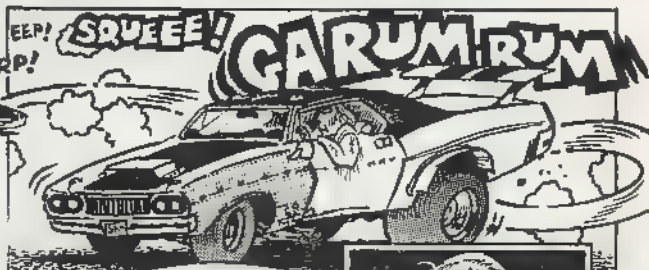
WITH
BENJAMIN DOG

...A SHADY RESIDENTIAL STREET IN NEEDLES CALIFORNIA, TOMMY ENJOYS A RIDE WITH BEN...

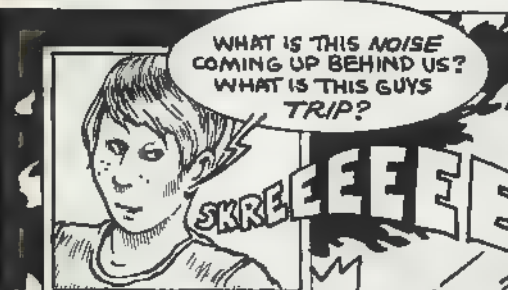


NICE TREES, EH BENJAMIN?

RIGHT ON BRO!



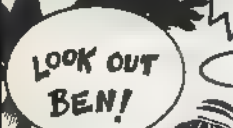
CHIRP!



WHAT IS THIS NOISE COMING UP BEHIND US? WHAT IS THIS GUYS TRIP?

SKREEEEEEE!

CHU SCRATCH FEVER



LOOK OUT BEN!

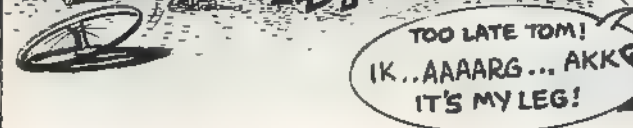
HEH



GRIND!

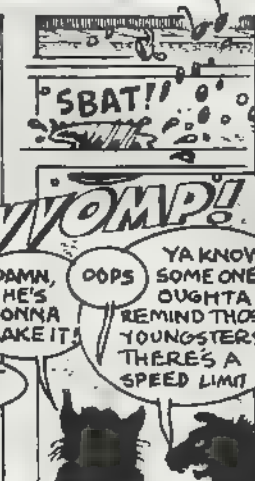
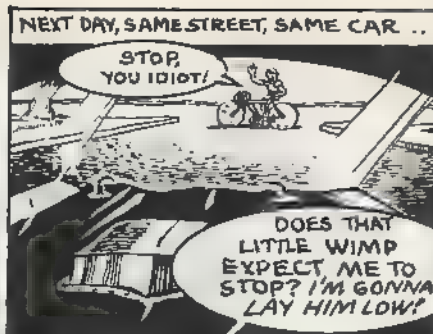


HEH, BOY, BIKE AN' DOG ... HOW ALL AMERICAN!



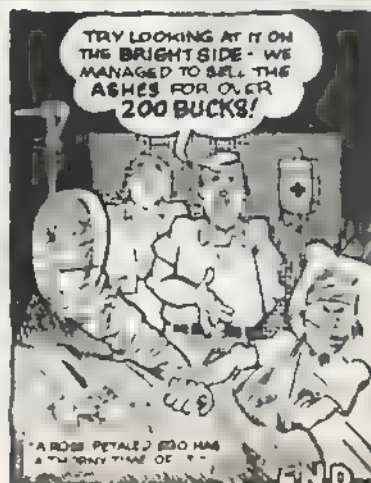
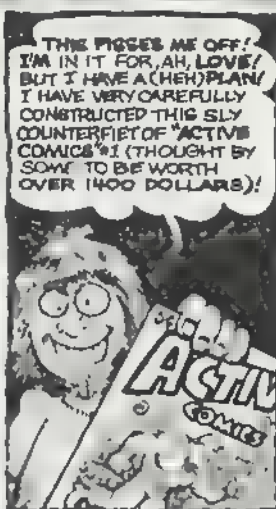
TOO LATE TOM!
IK...AAAARG... AKK
IT'S MY LEG!





IT'S THE PITS!

BY STEVE STILES,
DARLING
OF THE
WELL-KNOWN



KEEP EM FLYING



RECENTLY, I ATTENDED A LECTURE ON THE POTENTIAL OF HYPNOSIS.

THROUGH HYPNOSIS, WE EACH HAVE THE POTENTIAL TO FIND AND DEVELOP OUR OWN INNER MENTAL WORKSHOPS.



AND THROUGH THE TECHNIQUE OF ASTRAL PROJECTION THESE WORKSHOPS CAN BECOME PORTABLE A SORT OF MENTAL SPACE SHIP IF YOU WILL.



AND NOW, IF I CAN HAVE THREE VOLUNTEERS, I WILL DEMONSTRATE SOME SIMPLE HYPNOTIC INDUCTION TECHNIQUES.

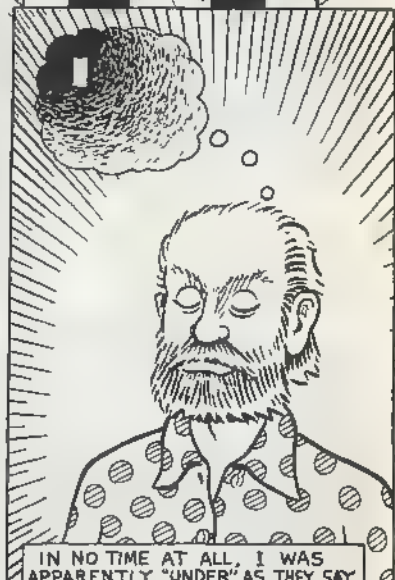


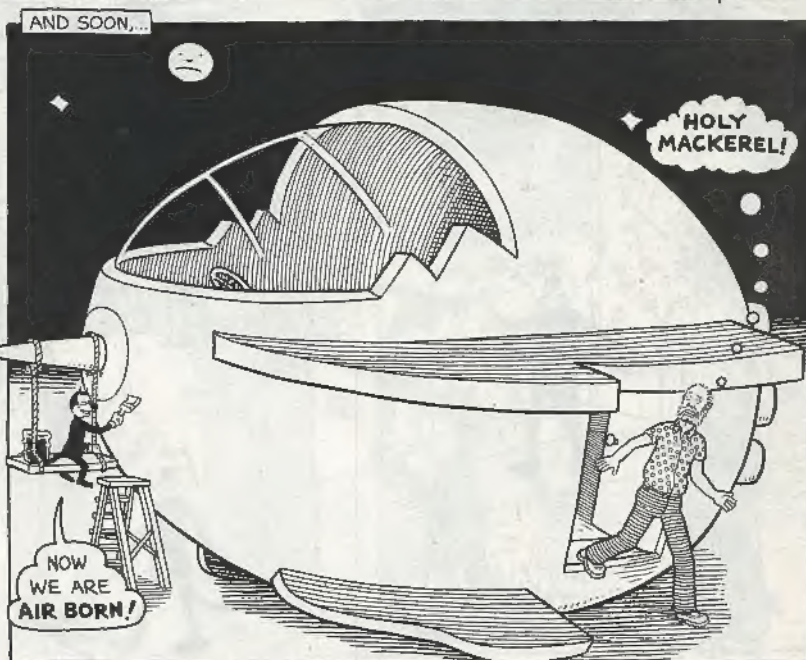
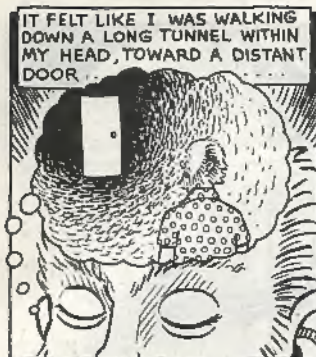
THE VOLUNTEERS WERE QUICKLY ASSEMBLED.

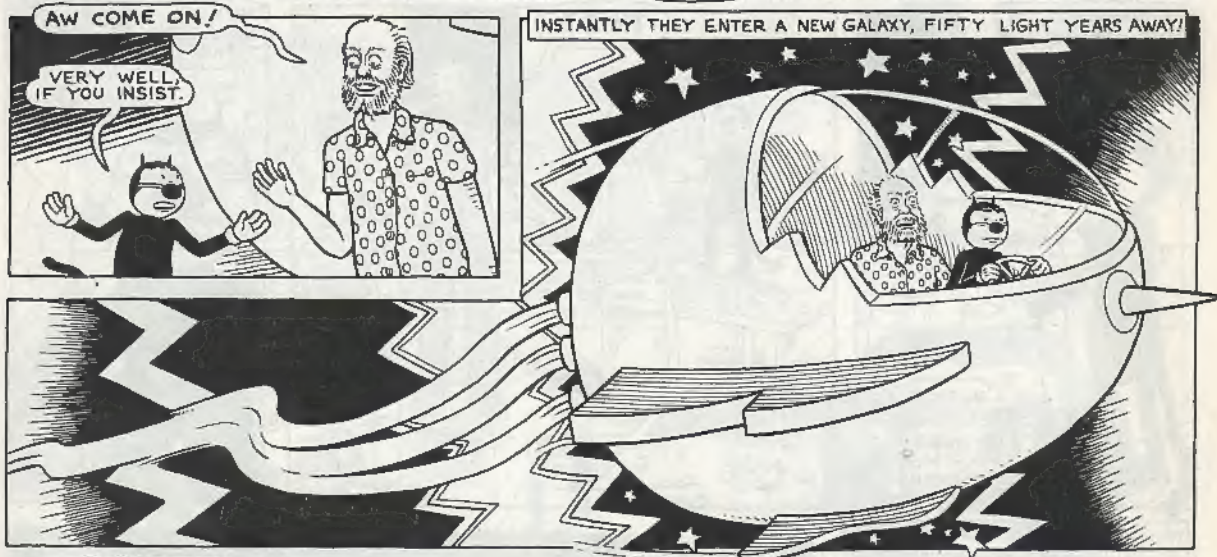
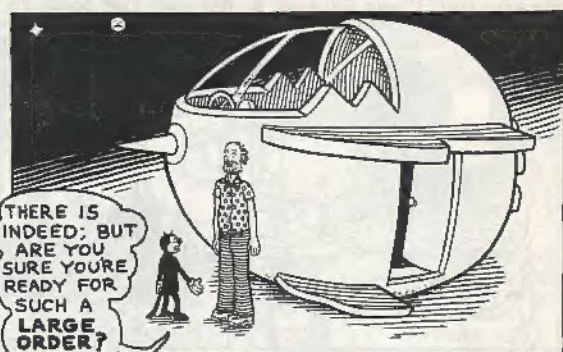
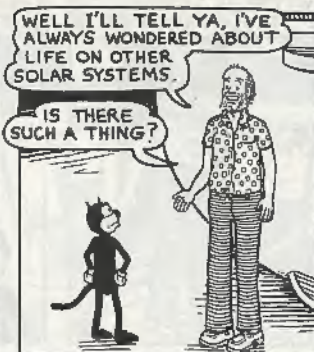
THERE WAS NEAL O'BRIEN, PROFESSIONAL XEROX COPER;

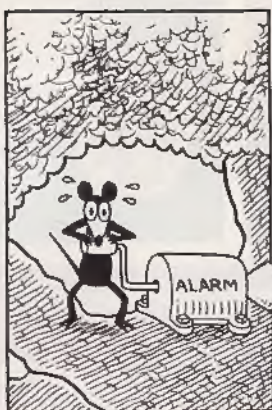
MARGO POXY, A SYSTEMS ANALYSIS CONSULTANT

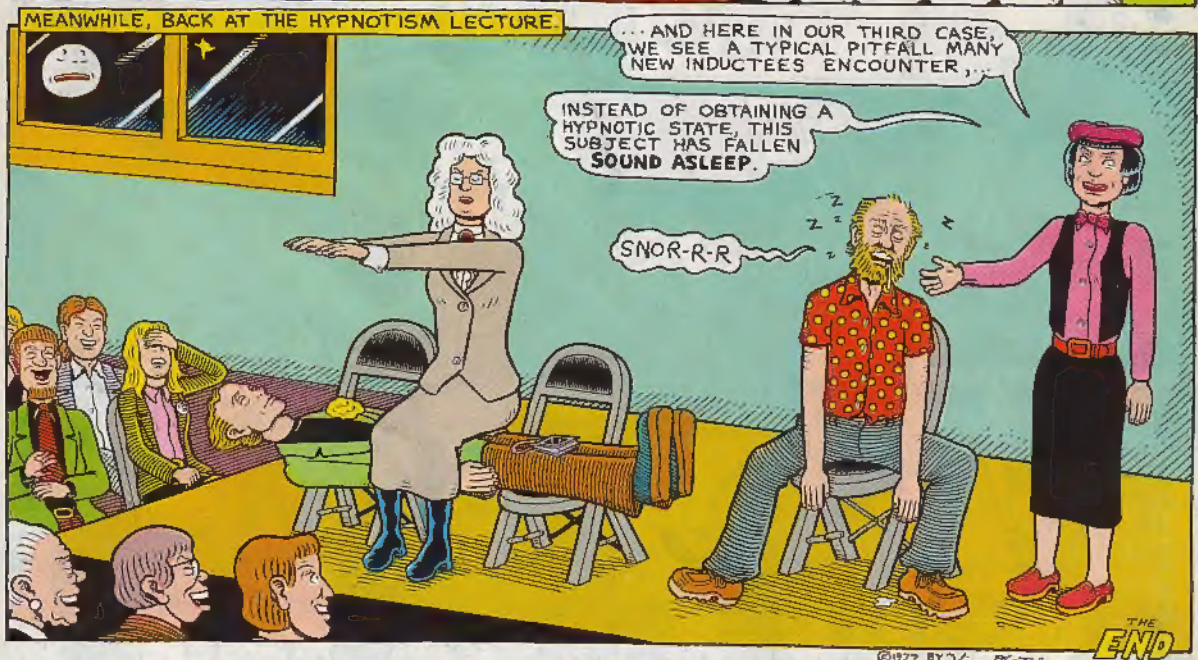
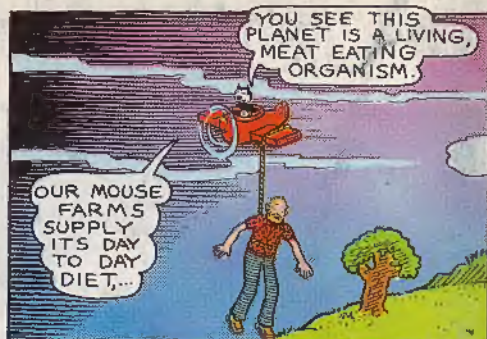
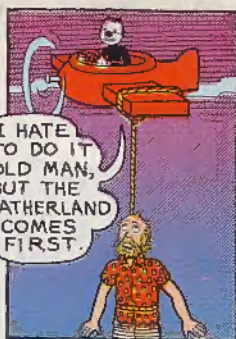
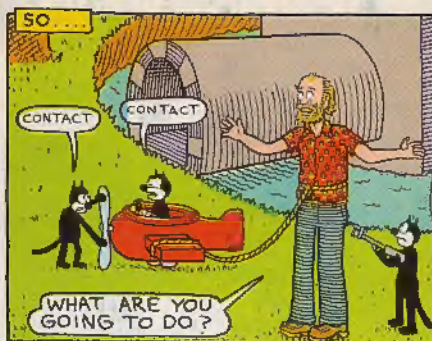
AND MYSELF KIM DEITCH UNDERGROUND CARTOONIST











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